

# St. Joseph's Collegian.

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Vol. XIII.

Rensselaer, Ind., January 1907.

No. 2.

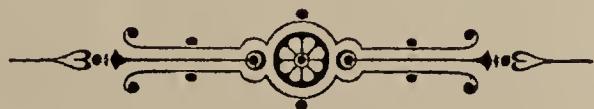
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## Christmas.

*"O tell me, Christian stranger, tell me true,  
Why men in Yuletide wear a smiling face,  
Why age and youthful hearts then beat apace,  
Why seem the joys of Christmas ever new?  
Among the many wishes not a few  
A truth sincere and holy seem to trace;  
And such a wealth of kindness seems to grace  
The time, that I would fain rejoice with you."*

*"These greetings, weary brother, but proclaim  
The fulness of our joy from One above,  
Whose coming filled the valley, rased the hill;  
Who quite neglected, quite forsaken came,  
And brought to man the helping hand of love,  
And peace on earth to men of free good will."*

LEO FAUROT, '08.



## Fading Lights of Literature.

A CERTAIN writer has discerned three stages in the career of French literary men: first, the striving after a reputation; second, the reputation achieved; and, third, the intimation that he has done his work and that the world wants no more of him. The truth of this statement as expressed is manifest at once; but, upon closer examination, it appears to possess a wider application and a deeper significance than the author originally intended. Literature is a continuous exemplification of its far-reaching meaning and truth, and the more closely one follows the drift of contemporaneous thought and literary criticism, the more forcibly will the idea of this assertion be impressed upon him.

English Literature serves preeminently to illustrate this point. Surely no other tongue can boast of such a glorious train of gallants who have stood in the ranks of renowned authors, nowhere can we find a greater number of men laying claim to the rare gift of poetic instinct and ennobled expression. From Chaucer to Kipling their number is legion. In their day many of these promising authors stood in the front line; they charmed with their freshness and beauty an entire people and were thought worthy of shining in the literary heaven forever. But their brilliance and pristine beauty has worn off, and now they stand out like fading stars faintly twinkling in the serene canopy that veils the pages of English Literature.

This is but according to a law of nature. One generation passes away and another rises to take its place; the old loses its lustre and freshness and is buried beneath the footsteps of men, but a new flower of fragrant beauty buds

forth on its grave. The ideals one generation fondly cherished are not our own; the problems that agitated them have long ago been solved, or are passed over, and, in the whirligig of time, completely forgotten; what interested them, interests us no longer; what was the fashion then, is the fashion no more; and since authors reflect the thoughts and aspirations and manners of an age, being children of their time, they naturally share in the common fate of comparative oblivion and neglect. Only such writers will escape this destiny who belong to no particular age or clime, whose works are universal in their interest, springing from the soil of common humanity. These will ever bloom in unfaded splendor and beauty, because their theme is ever new and attractive, and human nature remains the same in all people and for all times. Such preeminently is our own beloved Shakespeare, standing in gorgeous splendor at the head of that chosen band of mortals, whom, for want of a better name, we call geniuses.

Few, however, there are who have received this noble distinction, whose works have the gift of perennial beauty and freshness. Let us look over the long list of names before us and see how few of them we still hold as mutual friends and inseparable companions, and endeavor at the same time to account for the sad neglect into which so many of these once popular writers have fallen.

Though contrary, perhaps, to the fond wish of no small number, we must place at the head of this class that Pierian Spring of English Poetry, the melodious and brilliant Spencer. Take, for instance, 'Fairie Queen', the greatest of his works. In how many bookshelves will you find a place allotted to it? Who but the student of poetry will take himself to perusing its sonorous lines and to following its forced allegorical meaning? Written for the Elizabethan Age, it seems to have expended the greater part, if not all of its charms, on that fickle generation. Its lofty rhyme and exquisite beauty of diction will not suffer its gifted author to be entirely forgotten, but these sole redeeming qualities cannot keep him abreast the floods of time and in

popular favor. Spencer lacked the deep insight into human nature which an immortal poet must possess, his art and manner of execution are too restricted and personal to insure him a firm place in the ranks of universal and undying writers.

Though it would surely be the height of folly to utterly disregard Milton and his sublime 'Paradise Lost', still, a correct and impartial estimate of his merits and popularity will show that he too belongs to that constellation of fading stars. Milton is an author of whom the modern world knows little and cares less, and in some respects it can hardly be regretted that such is the case. His classic bent of mind and artificial grandeur and sublimity is distasteful to us. We instinctively feel that constant striving after effect, which was one of Milton's principal faults, and hear, as it were, the great machine grinding and clanking in its effort to produce some great masterpiece to elicit the admiration of the world. But Milton fails to appeal to our finer sensibilities and feelings for weightier reasons than these: his world is not our world; his puritanical principles and vain display of learning are utterly irreconcilable to modern thought and appreciation. We are not seeking a Christianized mythology or a puritanized Bible, neither do we wish to consider God and the Supernatural Spirits in the light in which Milton has portrayed them to us, precisely because we know better. Critics may continue to sound his praises, —and properly so, because he is a great artist and a great poet,—the learned may still find perennial beauties in his sublime descriptions, but the reading world have given him their farewell, because he fails to interest and arouse their sympathies.

The charms of Pope, that most brilliant and accomplished of artificial poets, are also fast disappearing, and were it not for the numerous apt and happy quotations which we glean from his pages, it is safe to say that he long ago would have perished. His works teem with the grossest errors, both ethical and literary, and comparatively few will grieve that he is so little read and known. The same

applies to the entire galaxy of Queen Anne's reign and the host of foolish imitators that followed Pope. They all have sunk in the waters of oblivion, born bown by their own folly and worthlessness.

What shall we say of that erratic and misled geuius, Lord Byron? He surely possessed the requisities of an immortal poet, a powerful imagination, energetic force of diction, the 'vision and the faculty divine', but his extraordinary powers betrayed him into errors which all his beauties cannot cover up. He lacked something which is most important, the heartfelt sympathy for mankind. His burning words were dealt out indiscriminately, their coarseness stunned the virtuous and elated the vicious. Little, then, need we wonder if he possesses so weak a hold on our affections.

Then there is Macauley, most brilliant of essayists. His fascinating style is enjoyable to a certain extent, but his ever recurring sentence-forms soon disgust and fatigue the reader. The statement of Morley that an exile, if permitted to chose two favorite authors as the sole companions of his solitary existence, would select Shakespeare first and Macauley second, seems to have outlived its truth, at least as far as the latter is concerned.

Robert Southey is another author who has been forced to take his stand in the back ranks. With the exception of a few of his ballads, his poetry is entirely forgotten, and his prose shares a fate which is none the better. As a historian, he can boast of no merits at all, but the pure diction and perfect melody and expression which we meet with in his 'Life of Nelson' charms us at the very start and causes the pious wish to well up in our hearts that the goddess of immortality should crown him with the imperishable laurel. But popular opinion has decided otherwise. Truth and sincerity are the demands of our age. The time is past when truth could suffer to be immolated on the altar of beauty. Like many other poets and brilliant historians, Southey has fallen into this error, though surely to a less degree, but yet too deeply to insure his works permanent existence.

It took Dickens many years to determine who was the better novelist and model, Fielding or Smollet. If a solution of this question were demanded of our modern authors, I am inclined to think they would first have to find out something about these two personages. Who ever hears of 'Tom Jones', of 'Humphrey Clinker', or 'Peregrine Pickle'? And yet as late as Dickens' time, these works held a prominent place in the ranks of English Literature. Perhaps we may assign as a reason the fact that these two men were the originators of the modern novel, and their works being something 'novel' created a deeper impression and awoke emotions which had long remained dormant. But even at this the coarseness and gross licentiousness which pervade so many of their pages can hardly warrant them a place on the lowest step of the Temple of Fame.

Another deserving author whose glory has become much obscured in recent years is Lady Austen. A writer of no mean ability, she easily rose to a high rank among the luminaries of the past century. Even Scott mourned that he lacked the exquisite touch and simple verity of her gifted soul. A noteworthy critic goes so far as to maintain that the art of fiction has steadily declined since her day, and assigns Thackeray, Dickens, and even George Eliot a much inferior position in the world of letters than that occupied by her. However, there is something wanting in her most polished productions. They fail to strike a responsive chord in our hearts; the glimpse into the world of realities and the conception of human character which they present to us lack an interest sufficiently universal to render them proof against the surging billows of time.

Literary fame is a precarious thing. It is like a frail bark far on a storm-tossed ocean, lashed to and fro on the huge billows, now towering high in the air, now dashing into the very depths of the foamy flood and about to be swallowed up by the angry waters. It is never sure, never stable, till the storm is passed and the deep is calmed again.

Dickens, it seems, serves as a good example of this doubtfulness and uncertainty of literary prestige and re-

nown. No other author of note has been criticised so extensively and so adversely in recent years as this illustrious painter of English life and customs. Swinburne has conceived a detestable horror for 'Nicholas Nickelby', and calls 'Little Nell' a piece of humanity worse than 'a baby with two heads'. Another critic hopefully predicts a century of precarious existence for 'Pickwick' and Micawber', but entertains serious doubts as to the future of 'David Copperfield' and 'The Cricket on the Hearth'. "You have floated proudly out of the harbor," he plaintively says to them, "but your voyage depends upon yourself. If you are booked to founder, we cannot save you."

Be this as it may, Dickens will ever have his admirers who rightly give him credit for appreciating the human nature of the poor and awakening in our hearts reverential love and sympathy for children and that joyful feast of merriment when the 'Founder of the world was a Child Himself'. He is the writer of the people, precisely because he agreed so well with them in thought, sentiment, and feeling; but to the critics he appears in a far different light. An extreme tendency to exaggeration is manifest in all his works, and his studio of characters has opprobriously been termed a 'make-believe world'. But Dickens was gifted with a mind well grounded in human nature, and a most responsive soul, whose outpourings he expressed so truly and appealingly that these very qualities will long insure him favor with the multitudes. "If", to quote a competent critic, "Dickens is ever relegated to obscurity and takes his place among the temporary authors who have no message for future generations, we may safely assert that his lack of a broad, sane view of human society, and his exaggeration and sentimentalism constitute the main reasons why he enters the company of the unread."

Though time alone can decide the final fate of an author, there are undoubtedly many signs by which we may judge his future even from the acceptance which his works receive during his lifetime. If we apply this to Rudyard Kipling, much room will be left us for doubt. While we should

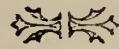
hesitate to agree with a certain university professor in declaring that it would have been better for the 'author Kipling' had he died in New York several years ago, or on his trip to India, we surely can find many things in his recent productions that would remain better unsaid. True, his name still imparts a certain charm to his works, but to the real student of literature they present few points of actual interest or artistic appreciation.

And so we might go on enumerating many others, men who enjoyed great popularity in their day and gave fair promise of ever remaining alive and fresh. But the fates, alas, forbade; they faded, withered, and disappeared without anyone feeling that a dear friend had been lost. And how many indeed do we find in this long list! Where is modest Cowley and the simple 'language of his heart', which charmed even the artificial Pope; where the famous Butler with his words of bitter sarcasm and caustic irony. What cruel fate has caused poor Jemmy Thompson to become the tragic victim of his fatal Sophonisba, and consigned the beautiful musings of Young Collins to the realms of the fad- en and forgotten! Could not the simplicity and tender love for nature which Cowper so touchingly experienced and so beautifully crowned with richest melodies render him im- mune from the ravages of time; could not the cherished hopes and refined imagery which the keen poetical sensi- bility of Campbell so charmingly expressed win for him the undying admiration of an ever hopeful world! An inevitable 'No' must be our answer, though reasons we would fain re- fuse to give. They are like tender flowers, unable to battle with the warring elements, which have been plucked from their fragrant beds and rosy gardens, to be placed in some cozy corner of a great herbarium.

The comparison of Literature to a stately tree appeals to us as an apt one. Like the sturdy oak, Literature had a small beginning, but larger and larger it grew, till now it sheds its benign influences upon all nations and in all climes. Its winding boughs are heavily laden with variega- ted foliage, but the strong winds of adversity and the chilly

blasts of waning popularity strike them with unabated fury, stripping them of many beautiful and precious ornaments. Many of its leaves have long since fallen and been trampled beneath the footsteps of numerous generations; others are slowly turning 'into the sear, the yellow leaf'; a chosen few retain their primitive freshness and vigor, they are forever new and pleasant, shedding the gladsome cheer of a balmy spring morn wherever they chance to light. But the tree remains ever intact, rooted in the fruitful soil of human nature. From time to time it takes on new life, and blooms forth in airy cheerfulness and undying splendor and beauty to gladden the hearts and awaken the sympathies of 'People yet unborn, and nations not yet formed.'

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



## The Snow.

WHAT am I but the crystal snow—the snow,  
 My home is the arid sky;  
 And I come for the pleasure of all below,  
 As on silvery wings I fly.

What am I but a pleasant dream—a dream,  
 That lulls your fancy to sleep;  
 And as I come in a dream, I seem  
 To be loved in the wintry deep.

What am I but a hearty friend—a friend,  
 And love to be welcomed by you;  
 And in mellow and kindly fashion lend  
 My tokens, pure and true.

I play on the chilly air—the air,  
 The place of my frigid birth;  
 And I sing to the Lord who is holy and fair,  
 To him I make glory and mirth.

MAX HARTE, '08.

## The Final Cast.

STAUNTON ACADEMY was astir. The Sophomores and Freshmen were preparing for the final basket-ball game which was to decide the supremacy. Two games had been played, the first resulting in a walk-away for the "Freshies", owing to the superior playing of "Jack" Hartley, their undisputed leader. He was the best basket-thrower and foot-worker in the Academy, and as captain injected the necessary "go-to it-iveness" into the "Freshies." Hartley was nursing a sprained ankle when the second game came off, and the Freshmen, though they put up a brave fight, were crushingly defeated. It had been arranged that the game should be forfeited if either team failed to play on the agreed date. The Freshmen would have postponed the game, but as they could not, they swallowed their defeat like men, and savagely watched the triumphant flames of the "Sophs" bonfire, and listened to their jolly, rollicking songs and elated yells.

"Drat'em," muttered "Bobby" Awkwright, a Freshman forward, "just see their chests swell. I don't care about the defeat half as much as I do watching those conceited monkeys. If Jack had been in the game they would be singing a different tune."

At this instant a crowd of "Sophs" descended upon the little forward and led him struggling to the pump, where they subjected him to a most shameful "souse". "Bobby" said not a word, but vowed he would revenge himself on "Hicks" and his crowd on the first opportunity that presented itself.

On the following night as "Bobby" was running around the track he saw two students approaching. "Ah, chuckled "Bobby", now for a joke. I'll play prefect, and as they

pass me I'll confront them". The two youths approached and were engaged in a heated discussion. "Bobby" strained his ears and heard the following: "I'll tell you, Hicks, the only way to win is to see that Hartley does not play."

"Come off, Burt, I would'nt do anything like that—"

"O dash your scruples, all is fair in—"

Bobby heard no more, and the retreating forms were lost to his view.

"Guess, I wont play prefect to night. Hicks, old boy, revenge is sweet." With this soliloquy Bobby tore up the gravel, in his haste to reach his room. He and Hartley were roommates, and when he breathlessly burst into the room Hartley threw a pillow at him and then jerked him to attention.

"What's the—

"Oh Jack, I have it! Heard it to night! But we'll fool 'em! Eh, old boy?"

"Here, you little imp, what's all this fuss about, fool whom? Hurry up and explain, or I'll—"

Bobby explained, and the two Freshmen put their heads together, and after a twenty minute discussion went to bed, having concocted a scheme that would spread consternation among the "Sophs", should they try any underhand work.

\* \* \* \* \*

The members of the Sophomore basket-ball team were gathered in Hick's room, earnestly engaged in an animated discussion. Fowler, a tall weazen-faced "Soph", was speaking. "Now, Hicks, listen to common sense. You are well aware, if Hartley plays, our chances for victory are very slim indeed. He has no peer in the Academy, and can outwit any guard pitted against him."

"You overestimate his ability, Fowler, petulantly responded Hicks, if you had stuck to your man more, he would not have made so many baskets."

"That is partly true", acknowledged Fowler, "but how came it that you instructed "Binky" before the game to try to keep an eye on him as much as possible; you surely feared his prowess?"

Hicks was nonplussed, and seeing that the members of the team were obdurate, he at length consented to listen to their scheme.

Fowler unfolded his plans. Binky had overheard Hartley tell Bobby that he was expecting an old school-chum, who promised to attend the final game. Fowler planned to send a fake telegram, and if Hartley would bite at the bait, Fowler had six loyal "Sophs" ready to capture him, bundle him into a cab and ride him around the City till after the game, and then set him at liberty. It would be a capital joke on the Freshmen, and at the same time give the "Sophs" the game, the basket-ball supremacy, and the silver cup. Hicks entered into the spirit of the joke, and after a rollicking song the "Sophs" disbanded and sought their respective rooms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, the long expected day, came, and both teams put in some light practice.

As Hartley issued from the refectory, after having taken a slight repast, he was met by a youngster who handed him a telegram.

Jack Hartley:—Will be there on the 6:45 P. M. Meet me. Fred.

"Bobby was coming down the corridor as Hicks and Fowler opened the door of their room, and Hartley called to him, "Say, Bob, I'm going to town on urgent business and will be back about 7 o'clock." With these words he went to his room.

Five minutes later a form in a big overcoat issued from Hartley's room and walked rapidly down the corridor. Hicks and Fowler were strolling up and down the hall, and exchanged knowing glances as Hartley passed them, Fowler making a remark about how lofty some swell-heads carry themselves.

Hartley passed down the steps and was followed at a safe distance by a trusty "Soph." As Hartley passed through a small lane leading to town he was suddenly confronted by four robust forms, who without a word rushed

on him, grasped his hands, and placed a handkerchief over his mouth before he could resist effectually. The leader of the assailants sarcastically remarked: "Sorry, my boy, but Fred will have to do without you to-night. We are "Knights of the Road", and desire your company for awhile." Hartley was then carried to a waiting cab, placed on the cushions, three of the Knights entertaining him with that ear-racking yell, 'Rah, Rah, Rah, Sophs,' while the driver whipped up the horses, and the vehicle rolled into the open country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gymnasium was packed. A large attendance from the city was present to cheer on the gritty Freshmen, and haughty "Sophs." The class colors waved incessantly, and the Sophomores on one side of the hall yelled lustily at the defiant "Freshies", who in turn barked at them. A door at one side of the hall opened, and Capt. Hicks and his four trusty braves trotted out on the floor and started the preliminary practice. The "Sophs" were wild in their enthusiasm, and as a basket was shot from the middle of the court, they rose en masse with a lusty "Rah, Rah, Rah, Hicks." The Freshmen anxiously awaited the appearance of their idols, prepared to give them a rousing send-off.

Five minutes passed, and still the Freshmen failed to put in their appearance. Everybody was growing impatient.

Two minutes before the starting of the game, the door of the Freshmen quarters opened, and their five trotted out on the floor. Valiant little "Bobby" Awkwright led, and was followed by four other "Freshies." The rousing cheer suddenly died away as the two teams faced each other, and gave away to the anxious query, "Where's Hartley?" The question passed from mouth to mouth, and the spectators became clamorous, until Bobby in a weak voice told them that for various reasons Hartley was unable to enter the game. A deep sigh of distress came from the "Freshies", and the "Sophs" yelled "Quitter" "Cold feet", and other unappreciative epithets.

The referee's whistle blew shrilly. The ball was tossed into the air, two lithe limbed youths sprang for it—the ball was hit, and the game was on. The "Soph" center hit the ball and knocked it to Fox, a "Soph" forward. Fox passed it back to the center, who with a lightning-like pass shot it to Hicks. Bobby tried to block him, but with a dexterous one hand fling the ball soared through the air and dropped neatly into the basket.

The gallery went wild and yelled at the top of their lungs; the colors waved defiantly to and fro, and the name of Hicks was on every tongue.

The ball was again thrown up, and then ensued the prettiest passing that was ever seen on that floor. The ball went from one to another, and throws for goal were dexterously blocked.

Bobby managed to dodge his opponent, and the "Freshmen" center made him a swift pass; Bobby poised for a cast and the ball shot for the basket—tantalizingly wobbled uncertain-like on the rim—then fell to the floor, only to be pounced upon by Hicks, who with his forward took the ball the length of the court and threw a neat basket.

On the next face-off Bobby got the ball, and after a brilliant double pass, shot a beautiful basket. The dormant yells of the Freshmen quarter broke loose and cheered their team on to victory. The Freshmen five, however, were not equal to the task, and as the whistle sounded "Time out" the score was, Sophs, 8; Freshies, 2.

During the progress of the game a young fellow might have been seen in the Freshmen dressing room, standing on a table, looking through a transom which commanded a view of the whole court.

When Hicks made his second wonderful throw the youth jumped from the table, ran to the door and was in the act of throwing it open, but checked himself and muttered, "No, not yet."

When Bobby threw a basket the occupant of the table danced a jig and enthusiastically shouted, "Fine, good boy." When the half was over, and the weary "Freshies" came

panting into the room, he locked the door and gleefully shook hands with the players and praised them for the wonderful showing.

"Oh, just picture those "Sophs" when the whistle blows", laughingly remarked Bobby.

In the Soph quarters, Hicks was the center of an admiring throng. The "Sophs" were in the best of spirits and sang and danced in the highest glee. Fowler was repeatedly saying, "I told you so; a fool's advice is better than nothing. We'll run away from them this half. Poor old Hartley,—too bad, too bad."

The whistle sounded, and Hicks and his warriors again took the floor amid general applause. The Freshman came out one by one, and it was seen that one was missing. Kepner, the Freshman forward failed to appear. The Sophomore quarter began to yell, "Where's Hartley! where's the quitter yellow-yellow!" The door of the Freshmen quarters opened, and Hartley issued forth with head erect, and a smile lighting up his fine face.

Upon seeing him the Freshmen quarter broke into yells of wildest delight, and the "Rah, Rah, Rah, Hartley" eclipsed any yell that had been given that night.

Hicks, Fowler, and the Sophomore team turned pale, and the Sophomore rooters were subdued. Walking up to Hicks, Hartley whispered a few words, at which Hick's face grew red with anger. Returning to his position Hartley signaled his readiness, and the game was on.

Never were two teams more firmly resolved to win, and the spectators were treated to one of the fastest games of basket-ball they ever saw.

Hartley was everywhere, guarding, blocking, casting and passing. Hicks made a pass for the basket, but Hartley springing into the air, blocked the throw, and with a swift sweep of the arm shot the ball the length of the court, and it nestled neatly in the basket. The Freshmen cheer shook the rafters. Again Hartley got the ball and dribbling it down the court, shot it to Bobby who returned it quickly, and with a brilliant cast Hartley shot another bas-

ket. Hicks ran up to Fowler and instructed him to play forward, guarding Hartley himself. The game then assumed a different aspect. Hicks and the other guard hung to Hartley with astounding tenacity, and Jack exerted himself to the utmost. He caught the ball and dexterously passed it to Bobby, who shot a beautiful basket. The excitement was tense. The score was tied, and the Freshmen and Sophomore rooters aired their lungs.

There was but two minutes more to play, and Bobby becoming excited struck the ball with his fist. A foul was called, and Hicks poised for the throw—the ball left his hands and lodged safely in the basket. Score: Sophs, 9; Freshies, 8.

Hartley was desperate. The ball was shot to Fowler, who missed it, and it rolled over in the corner. Hartley sprang for it and grasped it, but was effectively blocked by Hicks and the other guard. He worked it to and fro and sought an opening, and as he could find no way of passing it he gave an upward heave and cast the ball over his head. It shot straight for the basket, hung uncertain like on the rim and slowly rolled into the basket.

The Freshmen had won 10—9, and the loyal rooters poured over the floor to greet their idol and idols. The team was lifted on the shoulders of the admiring throng and carried up and down the hall amid the frantic shouts of the elated Freshmen and city admirers.

About the time the game ended, a cab stopped at the same lane where Hartley was captured, and three "Sophs" opened the door and led with them a silent youth.

"Now, your royal Muchness," said one, "we shall part company with you. The Freshmen are snowed under by this time. Ta, ta—Hartley, old boy, pleasant dreams."

The youth addressed as Hartley smiled to himself, and wishing his captors "good evening," started for the Academy.

Reaching the gymnasium he opened the door, and there he saw the triumphant team riding on the shoulders of the admiring throng. "Bobby" Awkwright saw him and shouting

"Honor to whom honor is due" ran over to where our friend stood, and pointing at him, cried out: "Here, fellows, here is the fellow that turned the joke on the Sophs."

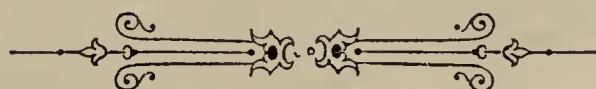
The freshmen bolted for him and raised him on their shoulders. They gave a cry of surprise as they took him under the blazing lights, for he was the exact counterpart of Jack Hartley. "Twins," was the universal cry, "by all that's wonderful."

At the Freshmen banquet the next day, "Jack" related the plot of the "Sophs," and the means that he and Bobby provided for thwarting it. Jack's brother had promised to pay him a visit and Jack wired him to come on the late train the day before the game.

"Jack" surmised that any play of the "Sophs" would not be tried till dusk, and then the striking likeness of his brother would not be easily detected. He suspected the plan would be a decoy note, and the rest was easy. His reason for not entering the game sooner, he explained, was that the "Sophs", thinking the game a walk-away, would not play their hardest the first half, and he was certain that the Freshmen could when he entered the contest play a star game.

At the conclusion of his recital he was cheered roundly, and Bobby Awkwright arose to the toast, "Our captain and our captain's brother." Standing side by side, amid the frenzied yells of the Freshmen, the two brothers clasped hands, and in their hearts each murmured, "Oh, such a brother."

JOHN GALLAGHER, '08.



## Noel.

HOW lovely, bright and clear the day,  
How peaceful in its white array;  
What tender love and rest it brings,  
What sweet contents in us it rings.  
‘Tis Noel, blessed Noel.

All nature sleeps in ecstasy,  
While snow-flakes flutter full of glee;  
The snow-birds frolic here and there,  
And fill with chirps the quiet air.  
‘Tis Noel, blessed Noel.

The trees grown bent and grey with cold,  
Reflect the sun’s thin rays like gold;  
The rivers all in icy folds,  
Have slowly ceased their noisy rolls.  
‘Tis Noel, blessed Noel.

The moon with mellow beams above,  
Throws forth its light with gentle love;  
The soft white snow spreads peace o’er earth,  
Which now adores with gladsome mirth.  
‘Tis Noel, blessed Noel.

Our glad all hails ring loud and clear,  
While angel choirs respond with cheer;  
The noble bells chime high their praise,  
And fill with glory this day of days.  
O Noel, blessed Noel.

L. M. NAGELEISEN, '09.

## Our Feathered Friends.

IT is winter. The gloomy December days wrap sleeping nature in a dark and sullen garb, under which she dreams of the glorious summer days that have departed and left the world to the hurly-burly of the winter blizzards. The crimson evening sky mocks the barren earth, while a sharp and piercing breeze moves swiftly over moor and highland. The trees of the forest are shorn of all their splendor, and wave their arms despairingly at the bidding of the wind.

It is a dreary and melancholy time; yet not altogether so, for there are the birds, modest, tiny little creatures, that flit about the woods and courtyard. Most of the birds have departed with summer, yet winter has its own courtiers, friendlier, cheerier, and far more attached to man than the independent summer songsters.

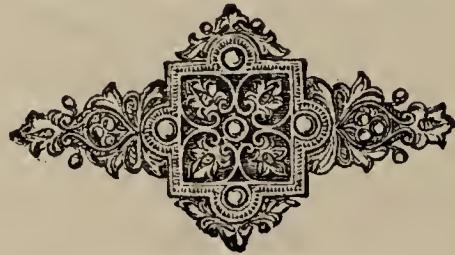
There is the cheery "Treesparrow", that spends the winter with us. Watch how peacefully it feeds on the seeds of some weed left uncovered by the snow, while its tinkling chorus animates the entire surroundings. The falsetto of the vicious "Jay", as he comes to the kitchen step in search of bread-crumbs, is now a pleasing roll, and the sharp, glassy call of the "Downy Woodpecker", as it vainly searches the tree trunks for food, sounds sweeter than the warble of the "Hermit Thrush" in summer. The "High Hole" inhabits the secluded parts of the woods, and his otherwise offensive twang seems to excel the mellow ramble of the "Midsummer's yellow-breasted Chat." The "Crow", the king of the feathered tribe, is necessary to complete any winter scene. He sits in sullen pride on some barren tree, and his idle—caw-caw—is welcome, because it breaks the silence of the snow-covered plain. The "Golden Crowned

Kinglet" is also more noticeable to man, as it flits about on its terminal wing and utters its high—ti-ti—, as if in mirth over the fate-stricken undergrowth.

These, and many others, as the anxious "Junce", that nestles so cozily in the folds of the snow-covered pine; the "Brown Creeper", that searches the ice-clad trunk of the oak for food; the tiny "Winter Wren"; the bashful "Horned Lark"; the restless "Chicadee", help to entertain us on the sullen winter days. They are, as it were, conscious of the condition of things and wish to cheer us, telling by their chatter and prattle that the world is not as gloomy as it seems. They are the only living beings to be seen; their presence, therefore, arouses the sense of companionship in us. We otherwise disregard them, but during the long winter months, when we are forsaken by their more gaily attired brethren, we learn to appreciate their company.

What a desolate world this would be without our feathered friends.

MAX HARTE, '08.



## Unassimilated Reading.

If we consider the number of subjects represented to our minds to-day through the medium of reading; if we contemplate the vast and wealthy resources of literature to which we have fallen heir, may we not say with some assurance of truth, that from a literary stand-point we are very fortunate? But judging from effects, may we not rightly conclude, too, that for all readers this is not true?

Are we not prone to be like unto an heir to worldly treasures, one, for instance, who has never had to consider the ways and means of acquiring such a fortune, and who absolutely does not know how to use it? Can we hope to exhaust this vast resource by reading? Perhaps it were better we should not. There comes the question, then, of quantity, quality and general aim in the selection of literature.

As for aim, I should think it would be the general effect of assimilated reading.

It is through reading that we are made to appreciate, at least to some extent, the beauties and wonders of this world, and the heights and depths of human life.

What food is to the body, reading for most part, is to the mind, strengthening and sustaining it, and making it susceptible of performing those functions for which it was intended. But if food is productive of some kind of energy in the body, which must manifest itself in one way or another, lest the body become distorted, flabby and even helpless, why will not the same theory hold good in the relation of reading to the mind? Should not assimilated reading manifest itself in some way? Is it possible that one's mind may be filled with well digested thought and yet have no means of transmitting it?

When the whining schoolboy has once prepared his lesson, he burns with an unmistakable desire to reproduce it in his own words, and feels offended if he is not permitted to do so. This little mind has something to say, and his eagerness has prompted him to make his first attempt in how to say it. This is natural result of preparation, of assimilation. Is this not a natural mind, or does a more extensive knowledge in after life alter his psychological principle.

Nature, by absorbing sunshine and moisture, springs forth with the green freshness of spring, meadows studded here and there with nodding violets, willows dangling their green tresses over the silver lake.

Can the human mind, the greatest mechanism of nature, thoroughly absorb the sunshine and moisture of literature, and yet be so helpless, so barren as not to produce one inspiring blade, one nodding gem nor one reflected truth of life, oral or written?

Why, then, among our army of readers, are there so many in whom literature has not raised a nobler ambition than to race through book after book, regardless of quality or effects, seeking only general impressions? Prof. C. H. Sylvester in his *Mastery of Thought*, says:—"Reading that contents itself with general impressions and hazy concepts is usually vicious and not only deprives the mind of the choicest pleasure literature can give, but gradually unfits it for careful consideration of serious questions." To quote Quakenbos on this subject: "There must be a reaction between the reader and the thing read; intellectual digestion and assimilation of what is gleaned from the pages of others." And again: "He who asserts that he knows all about a subject, but cannot utter his knowledge, is guilty of a psychological falsehood; for, as is the thought, so is the expression."

I think Ruskin in his "*Sesame and Lillies*" puts the truth, as regards unassimilated reading in about as good a form as one could wish: "You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and re-

main an utterly 'illiterate', uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you remain for evermore in some measure an educated man."

Even if one reads literature for his own pleasure merely, he must assimilate it, since, as Prof. Sylvester says: "A thorough mastery of the thought of any piece is an essential preliminary to any emotional enjoyment, except such as comes to the ear from the rhythm and music of the lines."

"Beware the man of one book" says the proverb. For he who has analyzed one flower of a genus, has found the source of the spring from which flows that wealth of perfume which elevates his mind and strengthens his will and leads his soul onward and upward. But whoever seeks his pleasure in racing along through the scenic valley of literature sees nothing distinctly; his mind whirls, his will is weakened, his taste drifts into the realm of the sensuous, and he is carried along in a vain struggle for pleasure.

If, then, we are given to much reading, and find that we are still deficient in broadness of view, or the power to reproduce a thing in some form; if we cannot appreciate the beauties of common classical literature; if we have no taste for anything but what is flighty or sensuous; if we do not find welling up in our hearts a certain nobleness of soul, may we not rightly suppose that it is a natural result of one or more of the evil consequences of unassimilated reading?

LEO FAUROT, '08.



## An Irish Joan of Arc.

BY many historians Ireland has been styled the island of contrasts, and rightly, too; for, while her annals tell us how nobly and gallantly her sons fought for freedom, they also contain the name of a Mc Nally, Reynolds, Higgins, Magan—all Irishmen who under feigned friendship enticed the patriots of '98 to slaughter; selling the lives of their downtrodden fellow-men for paltry gold or civil promotion.

These sordid, contemptible traitors are known to posterity as the "Battalion of Testimony", to which disgrace shall cling until the final setting of the sun; whereas those loyal patriots who chose rather to sacrifice their lives upon the battlefield or scaffold than to surrender themselves or betray a fellow-man to unrelenting tyranny, shall illuminate history's pages on the last day, when it shall lie open before the Judge of all nations.

Many instances are recorded where men—men indeed worthy of that name—have sacrificed all for justice and liberty, but in Ireland's heart-rending history we also find a woman who suffered unflinchingly the most infamous savagery the devilish English soldiery of 1804 could devise, rather than betray the confidence of her master. This courageous, high-souled woman was Anne Devlin, an intelligent peasant, the servant of Robert Emmet.

Emmet's plans for the Dublin uprising having been frustrated, he was compelled to flee for his life. He immediately proceeded to his former lodgings and then to Wicklow Mts., where he awaited letters from Dublin, which Anne Devlin would bring. Upon receiving these letters, both returned to Dublin, Emmet, alias Ellis, lodging at Harold's Cross. It was not long before Major Sirr, through the

medium of a faithless Irish spy, learned of Emmet's presence in the city.

Meanwhile a troop of yeomanry horse with a magistrate attacked Emmet's former lodging and seized Anne Devlin. The magistrate urged her to tell where her master was hidden. Being baffled in this, the magistrate gave the order to hang her, and she was taken to the courtyard to be executed. While a common cart was being converted into a temporary gallows, the yeomen kept her standing against the wall of the house, pricking her with bayonets in the arms and shoulders, till she was covered with blood, saying to her at every thrust of the bayonet, "Will you confess now"? Her constant answer was: "I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing."

Being led to the improvised scaffold, with a rope around her neck, she reiterated her refusal to tell of Emmet's whereabouts. With the words, "The Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul", on her lips and an accompanying shout of the yeomen, the rope was pulled, and she dangled in the air. But no,—she was not to be liberated by death, for after a few minutes she was let off with half a hanging, in order that she might be tortured more, veritably by a living death. She was restored to her senses, sent to town and brought before Major Sirr.

Having failed to extort the desired knowledge from her by violence, Major Sirr tried persuasion, flattery and at last a pecuniary reward, or bribe of five hundred pounds; but all in vain. She was then remanded to Kilmainham jail, where she was ignominiously treated, especially by the prison surgeon, until Pitt's death in 1806, when she at last gained her freedom. But what was freedom to her then, who was much broken in health and rendered prematurely old by the hardships, indignities and sorrows she had endured in her country's cause.

Anne Devlin survived in penury until 1855, when she yielded to her heavenly Father that Spirit which no English tyranny could conquer. Anne Devlin, although a peasant, was as noble a soul as any Irish woman mentioned in

history. She had in her that indomitable spirit of a Spartan mother, and her fearlessness upon the scaffold proved that she could have died as heroically in the cause of liberty and even in the midst of flames, as did Joan of Arc in the cathedral square at Rouen.

Surely, the words of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet—

Far dearer the grave or the Prison  
Illumined by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On liberty's ruin to fame—

more forcibly impress us, upon reviewing the life of so noble a person.

R. F. DONNELLY, '09.



## Our Christmas.

IT fell like snow-flakes, and melted as fast  
On my heart one Christmas eve;  
A longing strange for the misty past,  
When jolly old Santy would leave.

My stockings hanging on the mantelpiece,  
Filled with nuts and candies and toys.  
But alas ! such things are for childish caprice,  
Thought I, and not for us boys.

Our Christmas gift is a pleasant time  
With father and mother at home,  
List'ning to the Yule-log's moan and pine,  
'Neath the holly and the chimney's dome.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

## Music as an Educator.

WHEN we look over the catalog of the various sciences and arts, and consider their educational value, we possibly will find none that influence and develop the faculties of the mind to such a degree, as the youngest of arts, music. Logic and mathematics may strengthen thought and reason; literature and poetry may arouse the imagination and emotions; painting and sculpture may cultivate taste and esthetic feelings; but music furthers the growth of all the faculties. Music is not, as is generally held, merely for pleasure and diversion, but is a fruitful source of intellectual development, both for the musician and the audience.

For the attainment of any mental growth and discipline the most necessary requisite is a critical attention. This concentration of the mind is evidently exercised in the study of music. The constant strain of directing your mind to all the different shades of tone quality is certainly a good mental drill, and will result in accuracy and quickness of thought. Furthermore, in studying the sentiment and emotion of a simple theme in its variations, for instance, of a Bach fugue, do we not have to exert ourceptive and discerning powers just as well as in detecting the flaws in the categorical propositions of a syllogism? It is not unfounded when we assert that through music the highest thought comes to the mind without intervention of language and reasoning. It not only opens the truth and beauty of nature to the heart but also to the mind.

Reason, the highest power of the human intellect, is also greatly exercised in the study of music. The understanding of the laws of composition, of harmony and counterpoint,

and of the interwoven themes of polyphonic selections, is, I think, a close rival, as a developer of reason, to syllogisms and propositions of Geometry. To grasp and appreciate fully the thought and emotion of a simple melodic phrase enveloped in consonances and dissonances, surely taxes our inductive and deductive powers, and leaves as a result an increased power and tendency of thought and reason. In studying music with a view of understanding the author's sentiment we will undoubtedly sharpen and quicken the intellect.

Imagination and emotion are greatly cultivated in the study of literature. We, as it were, follow the poets into their ethereal and spiritual realms, to foster the modifying and recombining faculties. Is the imagination exercised also in music? What inventive and creative genius will excel the flights of Beethoven and Handel? What man but a genius like them can comprehend the pictures of their fancy and imagination?

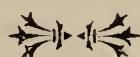
The emotions, which give vigor of life and impulse to action, certainly need training and cultivation. Music works such an influence upon the feelings that it is called the "language of emotions." Seemingly many of our actions are directed by our emotions. An eminent statesman has said: "Let me make the songs of a people, and let who will make the laws." This statesman knew the influence of music upon the emotions, and that thereby he could cultivate the esthetic, ethical, and religious emotions of a people and thus direct their habits and actions. The same truth is expressed in Shakespeare's well-known, but ever beautiful, lines: "A man without music is fit for treason, strategems, and spoils." Emotions, however, presuppose natural or obtained intelligence. What true, tender religious feelings of hope, fear, and gratitude are not awakened in the study of Bach and Beethoven. How does not Wagner with his richness of tone color and sonorous cadences sway us from sadness to joy, and from joy back to sadness! The beautiful polyphonic compositions of Palestrina seem to be those of angels, moving our mind to an ecstatic joy and admira-

tion. Whether listening or performing, the mind is elevated and calmed, and the emotions are soothed and purified.

In viewing a beautifully painted landscape or a work of art in sculpture we are edified and filled with esthetic emotions and joys. In studying the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of a Rheinberger prelude, surely, the corresponding thrills of the soul are awakened, and the mind is exercised, refreshed, and elevated.

The other powers of the mind are equally developed in the study of music. Great abilities have been shown by musicians in memory and phantasy. Let music, therefore, the art in which it is most difficult to excel, be fostered not only for art's sake but as an educator and disciplinarian of the mind.

ANTHONY KNAPKE, '07.



## A Fortunate Mishap.

THE bell for the close of studies had just rung at St. Basil's, and the students were busy in discussing the statement of Father Scanlan in regard to the annual short story contest. William Hackett and John Fox had just emerged from the crowded corridor, and were walking down 25th Street, when the former remarked:

"No, John, I simply can't enter that contest. I have been trying to think of a plot for a long time, and when I thought I had at last succeeded, it was only to find that I was a "year too late," and that some one else had used it before; so I think I will have to give it up."

"Oh! I don't know about that", ventured John Fox, the sprightly young editor of the 'Blue and Gold', St. Basil's quarterly journal, "'where there's a will, there's a way'. I would advise you not to attempt any ingenious plot of the Sherlock Holmes type, but simply take some incident that

comes under your observation, and treat it in your own manner."

"That seems easy enough", replied Hackett, "but 'there's the rub'; if the incident would only come to me."

"Why, incidents do come to us every day", said Fox, "but we don't recognize their meaning. I'll wager that you will have a story out in a few days, if you only keep your eyes and ears open. Think about it, old boy! Well, here I almost forgot to go down town after those basket ball suits. Will you go along?"

"No, I must go home at once."

"All right. Don't forget to be at the gym to-night for practice. So long!"

Turning around, Will started down Lincoln Ave., to his pleasant home, and while walking along, his thoughts were wandering in the depths of some newly laid scheme. He did not mind the passers-by and seemed to be entirely oblivious to everything around him. Having come to Clayton Place, he briskly turned the corner, when, bang! he struck against something.

"Ye gods! What was it! An auto or the 'Black Maria'?" he said as he rubbed his knee. "I'll bet a dollar I saw all the satellites of the earth and all the other planets."

Having regained his feet, he looked about to see what had happened. A little Italian fruit vender had appeared at the corner with his cart just in time to collide with our friend. Will was about ready to burst into a laugh at his plight, when he noticed the tear-stained and sad face of the boy. His sympathy was aroused as he thought of the miserable existence the lad was perhaps leading. Probably he was the mainstay of a stricken family who were lured over from their happy fatherland to this magic land of promise. As the boy eyed his treasures strewn on the ground, there was grief in his face which he vainly tried to hide. Will's words fell upon him like balm.

"Don't mind, my lad," he said, as he replaced several shriveled oranges on the broken cart, "we'll fix matters all right. Come along to the house with me. I live only a

short distance from here. Now, tell me all about your troubles," he continued, as the unsteady cart wobbled along the sidewalk.

The boy, whose name was Riccardo, then gave him a full history of his life. He had been indeed happy in his home across the waters, but on account of the recent earthquake in Calabria, he was brought to America, and though only fourteen years old, he was trying hard to earn his own and his invalid mother's livelihood. By this time they were near Will's spacious home, and as they walked up the broad driveway Riccardo's heart beat violently. He was cheerfully welcomed at the Hackett homestead, and Mr. Hackett amply repaired the loss he sustained in the collision.

Before supper that night Will told his sister Clare that he was thinking of entering upon the short story contest at St. Basil's. He would like to surprise his father and if possible win the first prize, if he could only find a plot. Something had come to his mind that afternoon, when the shock of the collision dispelled his embryonic ideas.

"Well, can't you write a story on that little Italian?" said his sister. "Stories of the Italians are almost always successful, for they are a romantic race. You can have the background in the Italian district down town, with its lively but poverty-stricken people."

"You're a trump, Clare," exclaimed Will. "Here I've been hunting for something of this sort for a 'coon's age', and you—, well, that's the way with you girls, always thinking of things which never strike us. I'll see what I can do."

The next day Will gleefully confided to his sister that he had hit upon an idea, and that it was growing in his mind into a magnificent story, and a few days later he handed the manuscript to her for criticism. She was lavish in her praises, and Will seemed to think she was "putting it on a little too thick." John also gave his critical view of the story, which was no less optimistic.

Two weeks before Christmas, Will handed his manuscript to Father Scanlan, the Director of the "Blue and Gold."

The stories were to be judged by five members of the S. B. C. Alumni Association, together with Father Scanlan. A gold medal was to be given to the best one, and other prizes to the two next in merit. These three were also to be published in the Christmas Number of the "Blue and Gold."

The two intervening weeks was an anxious time for Will. Sometimes he thought he heard the judges' literary scissors ripping away at the story, at other times he saw it in the waste basket, but these pessimistic ideas were lulled to sleep as he fancied himself reading one of the Christmas prize stories in the "Blue and Gold", by Wm. J. Hackett, '09.

The eventful day had at last come. Upon the sound of the bell the students assembled in the college auditorium. Silence reigned among that otherwise jovial crowd, when the Hon. E. J. Burke, '84, one of the judges, rose to announce the outcome of the contest.

"The annual short story contest, for which the S. B. C. Alumni Association has appropriated certain awards," said the speaker, "has this year been most closely contested. All of the stories which have been submitted show merit of some kind, but most of them were deficient in either the dramatic idea, the plot, or the workmanship, which qualities are indeed most essential to a good short story. We are pleased to state, however, that there is one among them which is well-nigh perfect. The subject treated is of a most humble character but one that appeals to our sympathies very strongly. This fact goes to show that we need not go to the mansions of Paris or London nor to Millionaire Row in New York, to find a theme for a successful story. Several other contestants are likewise to be complimented on their efforts, and we sincerely hope that the good work of the students in the perusal of the art of writing will continue. The first prize is awarded to the story "Paolo's Talisman," by William Hackett; second place is given to "The Wager," by Vincent Manning, and third, to "A Bouquet," by James Lewis."

When the speaker had finished, cheer upon cheer was given to the victors, and the walls of old St. Basil's seemed

to be instinct with life, as they gave back the joyous sounds.

"I told you, you could do it, didn't I?" said Fox, as he and Will left the auditorium.

"It's a good thing that something like this doesn't happen every day," replied Will, with a joyous twinkle in his eye; "it's a little hard on the nerves."

A few days later, as Will was walking along Clay street, he saw his old acquaintance Riccardo, who was now the possessor of a new cart and a fresh supply of wares. Will told him all about how he had won the contest, and a look of joy beamed on the little Italian's face when he heard how he was a factor in Will's triumph.

J. MURRAY BOLAND, '09.



## Lead On.

Lead on, O Star of happiness,  
To the land of peace lead me;  
Point out the way to holiness,  
That I may follow thee.  
And from this gloom to celestial dawn  
Lead on! O Star, lead on.

Lead on, O light so welcome,  
To Jesus born to-day;  
That I may see and tell Him  
The cause of my dismay.  
And from this gloom to celestial dawn  
Lead on, O Star, lead on.

Lead on, O light of comfort,  
And cheer me on my way;  
I feel as blest by the heavens,  
As I see thy friendly ray.  
So from this gloom to celestial dawn  
Lead on, O Star, lead on.

MAX HARTE, '08.

## Winter Thoughts.

“Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
With a continuous flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their wintry robe of purest white;  
‘Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current.”

WHO has not heard the joyful cry of the schoolboy, “It snows! it snows!” And the little snowflakes, encouraged by this boisterous yet warm hearted reception, skip and tumble and dance the merrier to the lively time of the resounding echo of the boy’s shouts. How many and how varied are the thoughts that float through the boy’s mind; and as one thought crowds the other for his entire attention they at last find their way out two and three at a time: “What fine sleigh-ridin’ this’ll make! Gee, look at it fall! Won’t we have a time at Berry’s to-night? Let’s go rabbit hunting to-morrow, John!” And the city boys: “Won’t that make fine snow-ballin’! Oh! and the river will freeze over, and the games of polo we can play;” while both shout in unison: “Won’t I do some tall coasting on my new sled!”

Although the little girl gives vent to her elated feelings by only remarking; “Oh my, ain’t this nice!” and “How beautiful!” yet, if we could take a peep into her thoughts we would find them no less crowded than the boy’s. “How soon it will be Christmas!” and “Wonder, what Santa Claus will bring?” are perhaps uppermost in her mind. But it is not only the schoolboy and the schoolgirl that enjoy themselves. Grown-up people are no less happy. It may not be because they expect to receive a doll or a jumping-jack, but because they can give them. Surely, the giver’s heart is happier than the one to whom something is given. When does a child’s eye sparkle brighter at receiving a beautiful birthday present, or at the moment of the mother’s pleasant surprise over a tiny gift presented by the child?

It is in this wintry season, more than in any other, that thoughts of childhood and recollections of the joys and sorrows of youth come often and vividly to our minds. Who at this time has not wished himself to be a little boy once more, that he might wade the snow with childish glee, fight the snow-ball battles over again, coast down that steep hill-side and believe with the child's simple and candid faith in the Santa Claus and Kris Kringle story? What happy days those were!

Let us now turn to the reverse page of the leaf. What do we behold there? Let us follow that little girl with torn shoes, tattered dress, bare head, and wan face, who is looking so longingly at the gorgeous array of beautiful things in the splendidly illuminated show-windows, as she passes by, shivering with the cold. After leaving the main thoroughfares and coming to a section of the city less beautiful and more wretched, she stops before a more than humble cottage and enters. Here we behold in a small and poorly furnished apartment a mother and four small children, not unlike in looks to the one we followed. After being quiet for some time and seemingly thinking over something very serious, little Matilda asks her mother: "Mamma, why is it that Kris Kringle brings such fine presents to the rich children, and we poor children get so little? Is it because the city is so dirty and the streets so dark where we live? Our teacher told us that God does not care whether we are rich or poor, but that He will reward only the good. There's Lottie Wright, whose papa owns that big store up town, why, she got the finest doll and a silk dress and a whole lot of other nice presents from Santa Claus last year. Everybody knows how mean she is in school and how she acts at home. I tried so hard all last year to please papa and mamma, the teacher and everybody, and got only a little candy and a pair of stockings?" The mother who had been born in a country where poverty abounds, too well understood why her good little child should ask such a question. She turned her face to the window, as if she needed more light for darning the stockings, which would be the only present

Matilda would receive this year, but in reality to hide her tears. Having lost her husband during the year, she was so reduced that she was very grateful for even the mere necessities of life, let alone stockings and candy for Christmas. She answered with some misgivings as to whether the explanation would be satisfactory or not; "My dear child, we must not judge of God's ways. He knows what is right and what is good for us, and if the rich have things nicer on this earth, we will hope to get them in heaven. And we are not the only ones that must suffer. The Child Jesus had even less than we, little as that may be. Why, then, should we complain?"

Although Matilda said nothing further, for she knew what her mother said must be right, still such reasoning was beyond the grasp of her little mind. The mother, though her heart bled at the thought that her little ones must do without even the smallest Christmas presents, sent a prayer to the Babe of Bethlehem that He might give her strength and the means to provide at least a strengthening meal on the day on which joy should reign in all hearts.

Many are the homes, where hunger and sorrow and suffering abide even on Christmas, but only a little is needed to infuse the Christmas cheer, which reigns so abundantly in the houses of their more favored brethren. May some kind hearted Christian, for the sake of the Child born for us in Bethlehem's humble stable, make happy this little family by a kindly visit and helping hand, and so lighten the hearts of some of his little brothers and sisters.

H. FRONING, '08.



# St. Joseph's Collegian.

Published by St. Joseph's College;

Edited bi-monthly by the Students.

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Subscription, one dollar per annum.

Single copy 20 cents.

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All letters and communications should be addressed:

THE COLLEGIAN, COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind. as second class matter.

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## Editorials.

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New year. May the benediction and cheer that hovers around these days linger with us through the entire year.



UNPERCEIVED, FATHER TIME comes gliding over the snow, and with instant motion sends us swinging into a new year. Amid the explosion of pistols and fire-works and the merry peals of bells, the new year makes his triumphant entrance. "A Happy New Year," and with warm grasp friends exchange mutual Godspeed; the mellow "Bonne Annee" mingles with the sonorous "Prosit Neujahr" of the German.

With festivity and revel the new year is welcomed by the gay; the thoughtful, reflecting on the faults and shortcomings of the past, welcome him with sincere promises of amendment. In the midst of eager listeners, hoary-headed seers indulge in remiscences of by gone days.

While eyes are smiling encouragement on the scene of jubilation, sombre shadows and memories rise before our soul. Visions of the past, of broken resolutions, and of the pall flit before us. Lonesomeness creeps over our drooping spirit, and in vain we glance around for some of our friends. They are gone. They have answered the call of Time and glided away into eternity. Yes, we ourselves are approaching nearer and nearer this eternity; in our ears the clock of relentless time is sounding its constant tick-tick, ever-never, ever moving—never losing, always ticking, ticking away our fast ebbing life. Our eyes are fastened on the hour glass of our existence, watching the grains of sand slowly dripping down. Less and less they grow. Will they last till the next New Year?

Let us then form our resolutions accordingly, forgetting the sad memories of the past. Let us join in the spirit of the Church and give thanks to the Almighty for the benefits of the past and ask his blessings for the "New Year."

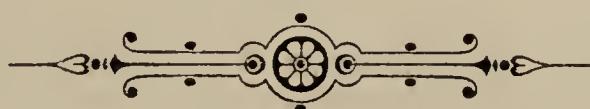


AT THE MEETING of the Alumni association, held at the College last June, an important resolution was passed, upon motion of Rev. T. Conroy, '96, providing an annual gold medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, for the best essay in English. Surely no such distinction has ever been offered at St. Joseph's before. That this will be the most coveted prize for years to come is evident, and a special honor, of course, attaches to the first medal. More detailed information regarding the rules governing the contest for this medal will be given in our next issue, and we are sure that this preliminary announcement is sufficient to whet the ambition of the students.

The Judges are: Rev. Thomas Conroy, '96, Rev. John Cogan, '96, and Rev. Arnold Weyman, C. PP. S. '97.



WHY IS IT that there is often so little interest shown by students in the reading of poetry, and that we find many of our choicest volumes untouched on our book shelves? A plausible reason is that many students, shunning the exertion to read a poem aloud, lose a great deal of its charm and beauty, thus cultivating a dislike rather than a taste for poetry. From the very origin of poetry, which in ancient Greece stirred men to martial deeds and in England moved the baron in his hall as he listened to the troubadour, it is evident that sound forms no inconsiderable part of poetry, and that indeed poetry may be styled verbal music. The student wishing to fully enjoy poetry and to appreciate its subtle music and delicate touches must call vocal expression to his aid. As only a skilled musician can enjoy a piece of music by merely reading the notes, so only the connoisseur of poetry, or the one who has heard much poetry read, is able to catch the entrancing melody of verse by merely silent glancing at the lines. The grand "organ tones" of Milton or the delicious tinkling of Poe's "Bells" lose their charm if not read aloud. Although the reading of a poem aloud requires greater exertion on the part of the reader, still, if he wishes to gain all that is contained in a poem the voice must aid the eye and mind.



## Exchanges.

IF there is one predominant impression that has come to us in perusing the exchanges of this year, it is that all find it increasingly difficult to select suitable themes for their literary efforts. They must avoid the general, trite and commonplace, nor can they specialize too much, as is done in other magazines, while the subjects that are within the scope and capabilities of the student and form the matter for study in the curriculum, have already been treated. To judge from our journals, it seems as difficult to find a good theme for an essay, as it is to invent a new plot for a story. If some have lost a little in weight and dignity and interest by reason of this poverty of good material, it is atoned for by excellence of treatment, literary tone and artistic arrangement, all of which are very important.

Among our late receipts, that of the *Manhattan Quarterly* scores the largest number of articles for variety and general interest. A trifle heavy and not sufficiently represented by members of the staff. A native Manhattan poet would aid the journal greatly. The absence of a department for pleasantries leads us to believe that the Quarterly has overlooked the fact that these give zest to college life.

The *Abbey Student* deserves special mention for its November number. It gave us a short display of literary pyrotechnics, the brightest of which was the tribute to Indiana's bard. "Bringing in the Sheaves", is seasoned with the aroma of Mr. Riley's harvest poems. The other essays, more suitable, perhaps, for advanced scholars, derive much charm from little personal reflections and individual treatment.

In the wake of the Gaelic Movement, any information as to Erin's bards and men of letters is of more than momentary interest. The efforts of the writer on the "Uncommercial Drama," in the *Scholastic*, cannot fail to be duly appreciated by the thorough students of literature.

The *Dial* has achieved marked success in fiction. "That New Year's Eve" is the best told and the most welcome. "A Streak of Yellow" is a thrilling gridiron incident and doubtlessly much admired by all invincible "elevens". The title, however, is fantastic in the extreme. We were fully satisfied to hear more about the "Ku Klux Klan." Generally, text-books on United States history are too brief and incomplete in treating this important factor of Reconstruction days.

The *St. Ignatius' Collegian* was readily chosen toast master at the November meeting of the Ex-men in our sanc-tum. Jovial and entertaining, his tale of the "Halsted Street Stadivarius" was listened to with absorbed interest. In the poetry and otherwise, the frank and genial college tone gives it the characteristic finish.

The *Mountaineer* is conspicuous for its choice selection of essays and stories. The essay on "Joseph Drake the Neglected American Poet", is an excellent and adequate estimate of the poet's work. The use of comparisons with other authors and an occasional reference to them always gives a theme a more authoritative tone. Likewise, an article tastily and judiciously interspersed with literary clippings cannot fail to attract and charm the reader. The Interview" with Socrates, though a spiritualist, is something novel and an instance where the 'sombre medium' is used to some advantage.

The laurel of the month's work falls to the lot of the *Fleur De Lis*. The subject matter is thoroughly literary, and the poetry is no humble gift, especially to the Muses of Nature. "Mother's Asleep" is the little poem of our choice; and "The College Man in Business" is worthy to be preserved in the archives of every Alma Mater.

The poet laureate of the *St. Mary's Sentinel* is evidently cultivating poetry for poetry's sake. In his "Song in the Twilight of Grief" some extraordinary efforts are put forth at description and charm, giving the whole that peculiar haunting tone which clings to ivy-covered ruins and shady glens. The other departments are well written; as to the

local we would suggest these lines:

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Happily the literary spirit of our neighbor from Bour-bonnais did not perish in the conflagration. Indeed, it is as much in evidence as ever, both in the selection of its themes, and in treatment and expression. "Border Service" is a valuable essay for vest-pocket imformation when one is traveling, but not so good from a literary standpoint. This deficiency is, however, fully atoned for in the "Ireland's National Poet." The essay should have been a little longer, with more details of the singer's life.

The *Purple and White* from Peoria is a sprightly, good-natured fellow. His jokes are local and flavored with the best college humor, and have a certain dignity and refinement that is not often found in this department of a college journal. The "Dead Letter" is an interesting narrative, owing to the newness of the plot.

The December *College Spokesman* came upon us like a "Phantom of delight." Its cover is certainly a thing of beauty. We have often admired the appearance and general make-up of the *Spokesman*. The body is perfect, and the soul is no less beautiful, if we mean by that the literary content and spirit. Perusing the essays, for instance, that on Emerson and Carlyle in this issue, we must credit it with intellect, and reading the poetry, we must also concede to it imagination and feeling. In fact, the poetry is so uniformly good, that we thought either St. Joseph's is fortunate in drawing poetical minds, or possesses a teacher that is more than usually qualified to elicit the poetical. Looking at the cover of the last issue, we are led to believe that the romantic surroundings are also a factor.

To all our exchanges, a very Merry Christmas, and may the New Year bring us all swarms of new ideas and themes—to the poets, the essayists and the jesters.

## Societies.

*The Columbian Literary Society.* -- The main event of the Columbians during the last month, was the exciting and spirited election of Sunday, December the 9th. Mr. E. P. Honan was again in our midst and took a delightful interest in the discussion of the day.

In accordance with a provision of the Revised Constitution, the second regular election was held on the above mentioned date. The result was as follows: Mr. Alexander Linneman, Pres.; Mr. Anthony Knapke, Vice Pres.; Mr. Thos. Quinlan, Sec.; Mr. John Gallagher, Critic; Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink, Treas.; Mr. Chas. Buetle, Marshal; Messrs. Aug. Wittman, Bernard Condon and Leo Faurot, Ex. Com.; Messrs. Ant. Knapke, Ivo Weis, Louis Nageleisen, Linus Hildebrand and Vincent Williams, Advisory Board.

A noteworthy feature of this election were the excellent speeches made by the nominators and officers-elect. Many of them were real gems, and evoked the hearty applause of the society and of Mr. Honan.

Another creditable fact remains to be mentioned. The expense of printing our new Constitution having far exceeded the financial capacity of the treasury, means were devised to make up the pending deficit. But the result seemed to be derogatory to the honor of the Columbians, so upon the suggestion of Mr. Honan the society unanimously signified its willingness to raise the required sum by voluntary donation. In less than ten minutes the amount of thirty dollars was raised, a fact which speaks well for the society and its sense of loyalty. Mr. Honan expressed in heartfelt terms his unstinted admiration for the Columbians and congratulated them on their excellent showing during the past few months.

*St. X. L. V.* — The Xaverians appeared in public for the first time this year on the feast of their patron, St. Francis Xavier, December the 3rd. The program proved to be

quite interesting, though in some respects it could have been better. The following were the numbers:

“Die Mutterliebe in der Poesie”.....	Anthony Wolf.
“Das Grab am Busento”.....	Charles Condon.
Humoristishes.....	Herman Grube.
Dramatisher Vortrag.....	Paul Termer.
Pantomime.....	Ant. Wolf, Henry Post, George Pax.
Lustspiel—“Pagenstreich”.....	I. Weis, E. Olberding, G. Pax, D. Durler, E. Spornhauer, J. McIntyre.
Singspiel.....	I. Collins, Fred. Lippert, P. Wiese.

At present the members are busily engaged in preparing the classical drama, “Das Heiligtum von Antiochien.” All are aware of the difficulties that are forthcoming, but a brave mind conquers everything, and it is with these sentiments that the participants are going at it. The cast of characters is as follows:

Godfrey of Bouillon.....	Linus Hildebrand.
Radulf, his son.....	Bernard Condon.
Hassan, an intriguer.....	Fred Lippert.
Corboga, a Turkish Emir.....	George Pax.
Achmed, his trusty general.....	Herman Grube.
Bohemund }	{ E. Olberding.
Raimund }	{ Knights and Crusaders A. Linneman.
Walter }	{ .... Leo Spornhauer.
Renegat, an apostate Christian.....	Fidelis May.
Brother Petrus.....	Albert Scherrieb.
Soldiers, Turks and Citizens.	

*The Marian Sodality.* — On the feast of the Immaculate Conception the Marian Sodality met to honor their august Patroness. After the celebration of Solemn High Mass by Fr. Theodore Saurer, an unusually large class of members were enrolled under the banner of our Queen, and received diplomas as lasting remembrances of the happy day.

Our Rev. Moderator, Fr. B. Besinger, then addressed a few words of advice to the new members and exhorted the Society in general to renew their promises and remain faithful to them. The meeting closed with the chanting of the Magnificat and the imparting of the sacerdotal benediction by the Rev. Moderator. The new members are as follows:

Martin Rupp, Albert Hoffman, Louis Heckman, Hubert Kemper, Roland Carmody, Charles Leary, John French, John Goetz, Alois Spangler, Alois Copenolle, John Bennet, Richard Kuntz, John Reppa, Louis Brucken, James Weis, Leander Vurpillat, Raymond Stollkamp, Ed. Doll, Walter Epply, George Lang, Carroll Beckman, Ed Ruczkowski, Carroll Minick, Leo Dufrane, Charles Purcell, Herman Engbrecht, Leo Schmitt, Joseph Frahlich, Clifford Reed, Alois Link, Ed. Ruhl, Henry Bruno, Charles Mergy, Frank Huser. John Murphy, Paul Herman, John Grover, Paul Mc Fall, Leo Harper, Wm. Dowd, Otto Birkmeyer, Sylvester Hiss, Maurice Pauley, Francis Schick, Fred Forsthoefel, Val. Rimmelspach, Andrew Osterloh, Leo Mc Guerren, Raymond McCormick, Clar. Neville, Jos. Lynch, John Nardelli, Alois Liebhart, John Metzner, John Kelnhofer, Henry Ratweg, Ferd. Ringers, Stephen Scanlon, Innos Mc Kinley, Thos. Barret, Law. Zucal, Frank Bueke, Willibald Schock, O. Koerper, Chas. Meiering.

*The Caecilian Society.* — The choir did not permit the feast of their patroness to go by without due celebration. High Mass was chanted by Rev. Clem. Schuette, and a fine selection of appropriate music was creditably rendered for the occasion. Through the kindness of Father Simon an enjoyable banquet was prepared, after which all the members indulged in a royal smoker. The afternoon and evening was spent in various amusements, songs and speeches forming the principal part of the day's exercises.

On Thanksgiving Day, Fr. Simon treated his Glee Club to a taste of the fragrant weed. This organization is quite strong this year, and has produced some excellent selections. Keep it up, boys, remember music is the poetry of student life.

*St. Stanislas Altar Society.* — The acolytes observed their customary feast in honor of their patron, St. Stanislas, on November 13. High Mass was sung by their Rev. Moderator, at which all the boys were present in the sanctuary. At dinner time they were directed to the banquet hall, where they indulged in good cheer for body and mind.

In the evening the Juvenile Choir rendered some choice selections for Benediction services. They afterwards enjoyed an hour of games and amusements, and all report a most delightful time.

## The Recognition.

The program for Thanksgiving Day was this year entrusted to the Junior Literary Society, and it is but putting it in modest terms to state that they fully acquitted themselves of the honorable task assigned to them.

As chronicled in our last number, 'The Recognition', a four-act melodrama was rendered. The plot of the play is exceedingly simple, as it turns on the recognition of a son after several years separation from his father. It is one of those simple plays that address themselves more to the imagination and feelings than the intellect. No matter how trite the theme, and superficial and commonplace the lines, if the story is a touching one, set against a romantic background and effectively interpreted, it will charm even a mature audience.

The drama, as a whole, was rendered exceptionally well, especially considering the fact that it lacks action to a considerable degree. Every character was neatly brought out, and though space will not permit us to mention each one in particular, we cannot refrain from giving special mention and credit to several of the participants.

Joseph Nageleisen, as the Duke of Spoleto, acted his role exceedingly well, bringing out the trickery of the duke with tact and naturalness. He especially manifested great emotion in his several monologues, portraying very strongly the pangs of conscience which were gnawing at the heart of the wicked duke. Leo Brunner, as Riccardo, proved himself at all times the trusty adherent of the duke, and deserves special mention for his freedom of action and distinct articulation.

Clarence Rulman, in the role of Count Bartolo, sprung an agreeable surprise upon all. This gentleman possesses many marks of a good actor, and surely gave an excellent

specimen of his abilities. He portrayed the anguish of a father's heart, separated from one of his loved ones, with telling effect and emotion.

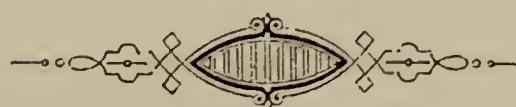
Master Charles Purcell, as Antonio, was indeed the surprise of the evening. From his touching song in the first scene to the loving words of forgiveness lisped in the ears of the dying duke, he was constantly in eminence, and held the audience charmed with his freedom of action and melody of voice. He exhibited all the sprightly vigor of youth, at the same time maintained a princely dignity of character befitting his role. In the prison scene, his pityful words evoked tears from many an eye; and in his union with his long-lost father, the entire audience shared in his joy and exultation. Master Purcell evinced rare qualities for a boy of his age, and we can hardly conceive of any one acting his role with greater tact and finish.

The little pages, Leo Dufrane and Robert Mecklenborg, were also quite at home on the stage and spoke with admirable grace and clearness.

Joseph Dalinghaus and Bernard Voors are also commendable for their distinct pronunciation and correct interpretation of their characters.

The play was excellently staged, and its rendition was fully up to the standard. Much credit is due to the Rev. Fr. Ildephonse for his energetic efforts in making the play a success, and for arousing the hearty co-operation of every participant, the soldiers and attendants not excluded. Surely the Aloysians have reason to be proud of their success, and should spare no labor to maintain the high standard set by the participants of 'The Recognition'.

B. C., '08.



## Athletics.

For several reasons we may consider ourselves unlucky in foot-ball this year. Owing to the decision of the Faculty all our "out-side" games were cancelled, while several teams of our equals refused to play us on our home grounds.

However, the Juniors, by the efforts of J Griesheimer, their manager, were fortunate in procuring a few games which greatly promoted the gridiron spirit. These youngsters met and easily defeated all their opponents, while they were only scored on once, that being a goal kick from the field.

Smothered by the superior speed of St. Joseph's Juniors, Rensselaer went down to defeat 17—0 in their first meeting on the gridiron this season. It was a spectacular game from start to finish, a game which brought forth rounds of applause for both teams.

In the first half both teams played excellently, and it seemed as if no team would score. However, as the end of the half was nearing Brunner, our end-man, got away for a thirty-five yard run and scored the first and only touch-down of that half. After which Boland kicked a difficult goal.

In the second half St. Joseph's by their gritty line plunges and straight foot-ball went over the line for another touch-down, and Rupp kicked goal. Soon after when both teams were striving desperately to score, Rensselaer fumbled, and Green of St. Joseph's got the sphere, and ran for the third touch-down. Boland missed goal. Score: St. Joseph's, 17, Rensselaer, 0.

Besinger, Hanly and Donahue starred for the home team, and their tackling and ground-gaining were features. Besinger repeatedly punched Rensselaer's line for long gains. Bolands work at quarter-back certainly merited favorable comment. He formed strong interference for his



JUNIOR FOOT-BALL TEAM.



backs whilst making end-runs, and his running back punts was really spectacular. Rhoades and Robinson by their individual playing prevented St. Joseph's from increasing the score.

The lineup was as follows:—

Besinger	F. B.	Robinson
Donahue	R. H.	Alters
Hanley	L. H.	Dobbins
Boland	Q.	Porter
Green	R. E.	Hopkins
Lill	R. T.	Hildebrand
Mc Gurren	R. G.	Hickman
Murphy	C.	Thompson
Wiese	L. G.	Timmins
Rupp	L. T.	Ganglof
Brunner	L. E.	Rhoades

Touchdowns, Brunner, Besinger, Green.

Referee, Gallagher, Umpire, Nageleisen. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

#### THE JUNIOR FOOT BALL "SQUAD."

The Junior team has proved to be the fastest "bunch" of players, considering their age and weight, that St. Joseph's has ever produced. Ten games were scheduled and played by the "Mystic Eleven" and they were victorious in all. The team was strong in all departments and each man played his position admirably. With Murphy at center and Rupp and Lill for guards, there were a trio of line-men who were a tower of strength to the team as well as a stone-wall for all opponents. At tackle Mc Gurren and Fralich successfully held their position against all comers. Gallagher and Brunner at ends were whirlwinds, tackling hard and often, and allowing very little ground gaining around their territory. Behind the line were Donahue, Besinger, Hanley, and Boland. These were the speediest quartet of backs that could be found, and they could always be depended upon for long and clever sprints. Donahue was most conspicuous for his sensational place kicking. Nageleisen as coach is to be especially commended for his work in perfecting the team.

## BASKET-BALL.

The bleak December winds have stirred up a basket-ball sentiment among the students, which took definite shape in the formation of several class teams, and also a strong representative team. We have still with us L. Nageleisen of last year's team, who has been elected captain and manager of the Representative team. From the new material the following promising and energetic players have been selected; Dowling, Hasser, Pfeffer, Donahue, Vurpillat, J. Nageleisen. The team is at present going through rigid training in preparation for the scheduled games which are to start immediately after the holidays.

This is the first year St. Joseph's has been able to send out a representative team, and we are assured that the first trial will be a complete success. We are somewhat timid at starting, but this will soon pass away and it will not be long until we will be considered the "terrors" of the vicinity. We hope to be able to tell of their results in the next issue of the Collegian.

## ACROBATS.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Acrobatic Performance of Thanksgiving Evening. It was the finest in its line ever seen here. Scholl was the most skilful performer of the evening. Vurpillat, Ruyzkoski and Brucken, also the clever little mascot R. Williams, deserve special mention. But the ones that were enjoyed most of all from beginning to end, and were really unique, were Dues and Froning, the two comedians. Besides some wonderful physical feats, "conundrums", as also very appreciative songs, but never did they descend to boisterousness. The audience was convulsed with laughter at their incomparable antics.

## POLO.

Under the management of R. Donnelly, polo, which has been the popular sport in previous years, has been resumed. From among the new material some "bright lights" have appeared, and it is safe to say that much interest will be manifested for this sport. An entire new polo outfit has

been purchased, so that nothing is now lacking to make the game complete in all respects. Teams have been arranged, and a schedule adopted. This game has aroused the skating "fever" in many, especially since we have some clever performers with us, whom others seek to emulate.

Several new apparatus, such as a parallel bar and a complete punching bag outfit, have been placed in the gym, so that now no student can reasonably complain that he has nothing to amuse and exercise himself with in his spare moments. Credit is due for this to the Athletic Association and its excellent board of appropriations.

## Personal.

We have a very interesting letter from Mr. Fred W. Boeke, '02 which is already in type, but for want of space had to be held over for later issue.

THE Rev Jos. Mutch, '01, has been a welcome guest of St. Joseph's. This being the first visit since he left his Alma Mater, it was all the more appreciated. Father Mutch is now at St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind. We may hope that his visits be more frequent.

Mr. J. Jones, '03, spent Thanksgiving with the students. He is still the "same old fellow", nor has he forgotten the sports of by-gone days. This was seen from the game of basket-ball in which he participated. Mr Jones is employed by the Harmon Railroad Co. Chicago.

Mr. Victor Avancino was delighted by a visit of his mother and sister from Sedalia, Mo., who are now 'en route' for Europe.

The Collegian extends its sympathy to Mr. P. Mc. Fall, who has been summoned home to attend the funeral of his mother.

Other visitors were:—

Very Rev. B. A. Schulte, Templeton, Iowa. Rev. Helhake, Sheldon, Ind; Rev. J. Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind; Rev. F. Schalk, Pujaski, Ind.

Mr. Hipskind, Wabash, Ind.; Mr. Burke, Kokomo, Ind.; Mr. Dufrane and daughter, Hammond, Ind., Mr. Herman and son, Hamilton, O.; Mrs. Scholl and children, Schererville, Ind.; Mr. Engbrecht, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Donahue and son, Kokomo, Ind.; Mr. P. Boniface, New Corydon, Ind.; Messrs. Martin and Raymond Lang, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. Forstoefel, Carthage, O.; Mr. Beutle, Geneva, Ind.; Mrs. Reed, Auburn, Ind.: Misses Grace and Mabel Schmall, Crown Point, Ind.; Mr. E. Scanlon, Boswell, Ind.; Mr. Oscar Neville, Ambia, Ind.: Mr. H. Gallagher, St. John, Ind.; Mr. Martin Silver, Boswell, Ind.

## Localisms.

Gentle friends:—I take great pleasure in wishing to you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This may be nothing new, and may even seem somewhat formal, but I assure you, upon the veracity of a local editor, that it is sincere.

As for the former edition of the Locals I have no apology to make. I have heard little complaint from any direction, and I feel confident that it has accomplished its mission. One grave Sophomore reminded me that some articles were inclined to be funny. Now, such a thing, you will readily understand, is quite excusable, since I did not have an opportunity of reading the proof sheets.

Looking forward to the present issue I must say that the staff and myself have been somewhat handicapped in having to contribute to the literary part of the Collegian, so as to bring it to an equal standard with the locals. You have the pleasure of reading in this issue the latest allegory' entitled Mr. Possum and E. Z. Rabbit, written by R. V. Williams, a promising writer of Sophomore English. For some of you there may be a moral in it.

But somehow I feel that Christmas is near. I leave off as I began, that sick or well, rich or poor, I am for a Merry Christmas.

*Editor in-Chief.*

Tim has grown to be quite funny. The other day he was overheard rehearsing his famous impersonation of Ikey.—"Got any 'ole cloze to zell? Buy an' geep. Say, nize coat you got. Forty-nine zents fur't. That is a big brize, but that makes no neffer mind. That's all they're payin' in the Unified States.

Dan (about to shave).—Who has an extra looking glass?

Socrates.—Here's one that has stood the test these three long years.

Fitz.—I'll play no more tennis, that much is settled. It's no game for a peaceful man like me.

Boeke.—Why not?

Fitz.—Because I never played a game yet without a racket.



#### MR. POSSUM AND E. Z. RABBIT.

##### A Breakfast Story.

ONE brisk autumn afternoon, as the last rays of light were piercing the woods, Mr. E. Z. Rabbit and Mr. Possum, while out strolling, met each other by chance and had a little social chat.

During their conversation Mr. Possum informed E. Z. that he knew where a careless farmer had dropped a few ears of corn, while bringing it in from the fields, and that he intended to rise early the following morning, so he could get this most delicious food before the cows were let out to pasture, as the corn lay on the cattle trail.

Noticing that Mr. Rabbit was rather anxious to go along, Mr. Possum gladly invited him, at the same time giving him strict orders to be up early.

That night Mr. E. Z. retired with happy thoughts and the anticipation of a good meal on the morrow. Because he knew he had great advantages over Mr. Possum for he was faster on his feet, and had a shorter route to the trail, he thought he would arrive on the scene first and fatten on the spoils before Mr. Possum put in his appearance.

At 5 o'clock the next morning Mr. E. Z. Rabbit peeped out of his burrow, and when he saw that it was not quite day light he said, "Well, I have numerous advantages over

Grandpa Possum, and I can afford to take another nap, as I feel a little drowsy."

While Mr. Rabbit was taking another nap, Grandpa Possum was on his way to the cattle trail, where he enjoyed his dainty breakfast, and was returning home, when he met Mr. E. Z. coming down the hillside at a very rapid rate. Seeing Grandpa returning, Mr. Rabbit stopped and asked if he had been to the pasture as yet, whereupon Mr. Possum answered, "Yes, and I have eaten everything, for I thought you had forgotten about my invitation, as it was very late, and such viands are too good to leave to the cows."

Mr. E. Z. Rabbit said nothing, but as he went home with an empty stomach, he resolved to be on time for breakfast in the future.

R. V. W., '09.



All wise men eat onions;  
Carl is a wise man  
Therefore Carl eats onions.

Hiram has a very scientific name for everything that displeases him—"Humbug!"

James—What was the result of the impeachment ballot?

Chas.—For our exit, a plurality of twenty-three.

Otto.—Never mind what the boys say about youse. We're pretty good friends jist the same, ain't we?

Leo. Yes, I s'pose so. Got any candy?

Down with the Onion Trust! !

Cut and dried from the Class room—

"Der Hund laeuft das Haus um."

"Vesuvius erupted under Emperor Titus"

Prof.—Invert the subject and predicate of the following sentence:

"Honesty is the best policy."

Boeke—It is the best policy not to be honest.

“Piae preces habent magnum pulverem.”

Prof.—Who can tell me what the germans use for “There's the rub.”?

English Willie—(Excitedly) “Da sits the horse in the pepper.”

See Dahlinghaus, and have your false face made to order.

#### Weather Predictions—

Our departure for Christmas vacation will be favored by a good wind. The return, however, will experience some difficulty; in fact it is predicted that some will arrive so late that they will have to make up several hours during free time.

The application temperature for about a week will be several degrees below zero.

This is indeed a very busy world. A prudent man, with nothing else to do, finds his time taken up in attending to his own buisness.

Our reason why modern students find difficulty in writing a respectable composition is, because good rhetoritians condemn every-day slang and harmless swear-words, as undignified, unidiomatic and not in keeping with the principles of good taste.

He who wears his wise sock for every-day, has nothing fit for Sunday.

Tell me the size and age of your company, and I will tell you what you are.

#### What is it?—

Jack cracked it,

Osterloh hacked it,

Kemper changed it about,

Engbrecht wore it out.

## DISCARDED.

Among the scraps and cores  
That in the basket lay,  
A poem to a farce  
'Mid sighs was heard to say:

"Alas, 'tis sad that I  
Should never see the press;  
For, that I'm full of rhyme  
The critic must confess."

"Not better you than I,"  
The farce replied in glee;  
"I, too, am full to brim  
Of nothing, don't you see.  
"But though we are discarded,  
Our fame will soon be sought;  
For you there comes the rhymster,  
To find a happy thought "



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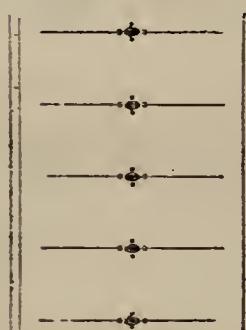
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